Random Notes of Boston

By

Henry P. Dowst

Drawings by

John Albert Seaford

Boston Light, from the Sea-Wall, Hull.

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FANEUIL HALL, "THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY," BUILT BY PETER FANEUIL, 1742. BEYOND, THE NORTH END; SPIRE OF CHRIST CHURCH.

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BY
HENRY P. DOWST

DRAWINGS BY
JOHN ALBERT SEAFORD

BOSTON
H. B. HUMPHREY COMPANY
MDCCCCXIII

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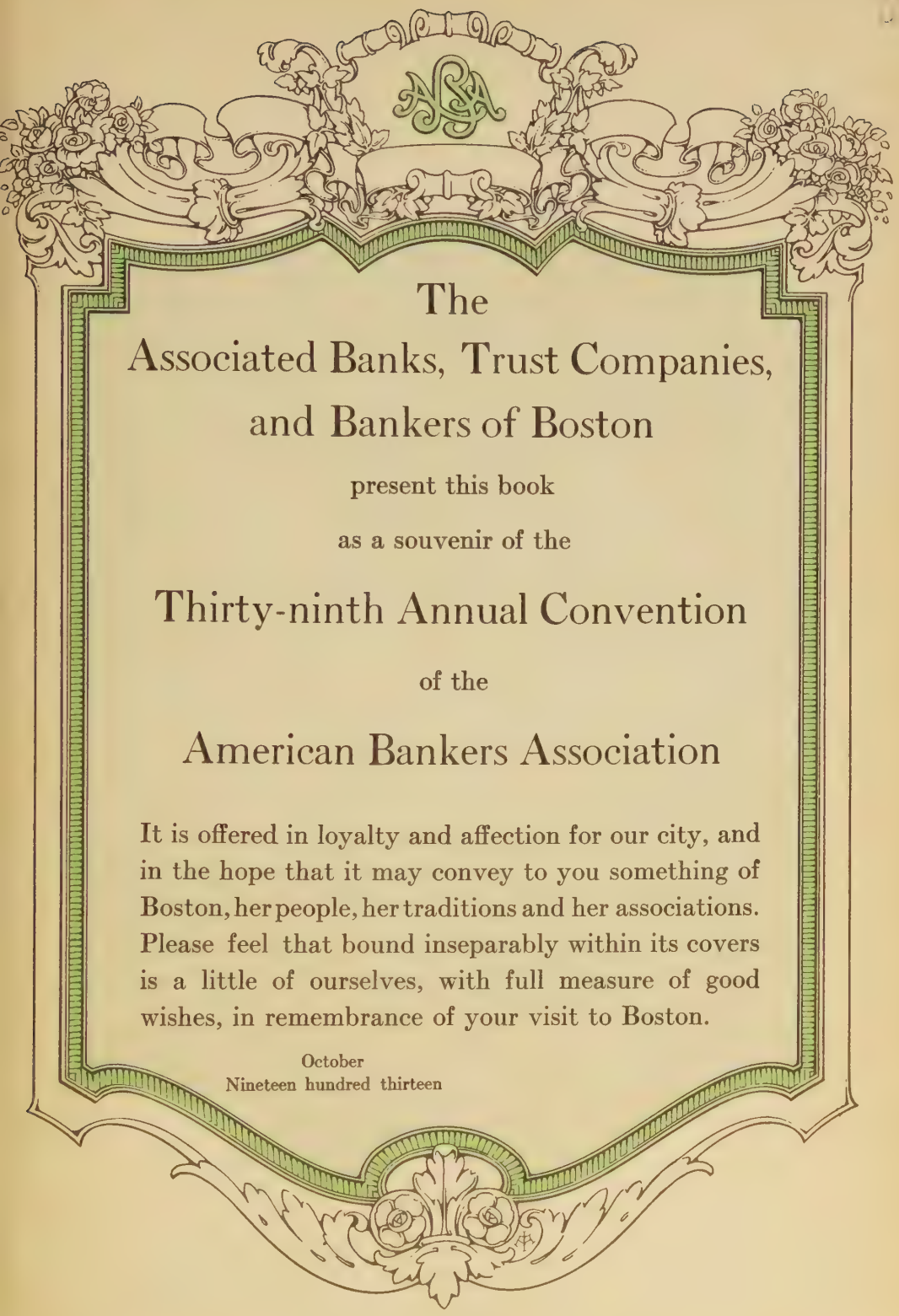


The
Associated Banks, Trust Companies,
and Bankers of Boston

present this book

as a souvenir of the

Thirty-ninth Annual Convention

of the

American Bankers Association

It is offered in loyalty and affection for our city, and in the hope that it may convey to you something of Boston, her people, her traditions and her associations. Please feel that bound inseparably within its covers is a little of ourselves, with full measure of good wishes, in remembrance of your visit to Boston.

October
Nineteen hundred thirteen

RANDOM NOTES OF BOSTON

PREFACE

A famous illustrator of cities, obsessed perhaps by the splendors of an older world, not long ago denied Boston any title to the picturesque.

The illustrator of this book comes pleasantly to the rescue with tangible evidence, here laid before all who care to consider it, in the form of drawings made with a keen appreciation, not alone of form and line, but of the atmosphere of his subject.

These pictures are true because they delineate things in groups and relations, not with the mechanical precision of photography, but in their aspect as impressed upon the human retina. Our brains are happily schooled to make allowances for and to modify mathematical distortions of perspective, and

to minimize the intrusion of awkward or inconsistent details. The artist has aptly caught this subtle and charitable psychology of viewpoint, and so has given us pictures of Boston as it looks. He has sensed the charm of the city, and has been able so to do because he loves Boston as it is, not grieving too much for what it might have been or ought to be.

It was never intended to make this random comment in any degree complete or comprehensive. Many subjects are left out because they seem not to lend themselves happily to artistic portrayal, and still others are omitted which, while highly available for pictorial purposes, have been repeatedly illustrated or for which no adequate space could be provided here.

The desire is to suggest something of the Boston spirit by a limited amount of text and a group of random sketches in keeping with it. As a guide to Boston the book would be quite useless; as an introduction to Boston in its more intimate aspects, it will perhaps serve its purpose agreeably and acceptably.

The Old South Church, 1875, Boylston Street, at Copley Square.

Boylston Street, looking West toward Copley Square. On the Right, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; the Old South Church.

RANDOM NOTES OF BOSTON

I

ABOUT COPLEY SQUARE

FOR the purposes of this book, the center of Boston may logically be located at Copley square, which is no part of Old Boston, since it is "made land," where in early times the tide-flooded flats of the Back Bay lay drear and forbidding.

The early settlers picked out for their town a spot of earth so nearly an island that, with the growth in population, its dwellers must either make land or take to the boats; and it is upon made ground that practically all of Boston lying west of the Common as far as Roxbury and Brookline was built. The old Boston landmarks, the sturdy buildings of Colonial, Provincial, and Revolutionary times, are clustered upon the eastern and northern slope of Shawmut promontory.

Until the death of Bishop Brooks in 1893, people called Trinity "Phillips Brooks's Church." A bronze memorial stands in his honor on the Boylston street side, shadowed by that far greater monument to his

genius, the church which he built and loved. The Great Fire of 1872 destroyed old Trinity, on Summer street, shortly after the parish called Phillips Brooks to be its minister. To him fell the task of replacing it with a new edifice, and under his leadership the work began in 1873.

Every great institution expresses an individuality, whether it be a railroad, a bank, a college or a church. Trinity Church, in its great size, its artistic character, its richness, expresses Phillips Brooks. If it is a wonderful church to you, it becomes more wonderful when you realize this. According to that illuminating chapter on its building, in the biography of Bishop Brooks, written by Professor A. V. G. Allen, Trinity is not a mere house of worship, built to shelter a large and wealthy congregation, but an organic symbol of spiritual thought, bigger and broader than any sect or creed, typifying the spirit and mysticism of Christianity and the Christian Church, as interpreted by a great soul. Says Professor Allen:

"He would take from the old order the ideas of solidity and grandeur of beauty, of adornment in form and color, which should surpass, if possible, all other beauty, as when the church seemed greater than the world, the spiritual stronger and richer than the temporal, and in its costly decoration symbolizing that wealth was most worthily employed when it ministered to spiritual ends."

Trinity Church interprets Phillips Brooks's hu-

Copley Square, from St. James Avenue; on the Right, Trinity Church; on the Left, Copley-Plaza Hotel; beyond, the Public Library.

manity—his recognition, not only of the demands of religion, but "of the sacredness of earth and the secular life"—his warm, understanding sympathy.

Trinity was consecrated on February 9, 1877. On the next day, Mr. Brooks wrote to Robert Treat Paine, of the building committee, his friend and classmate, this expression:

"I am almost appalled when I think what the work in this great new Church may be. I know that I shall have your help and prayers in the part of it which shall fall to me to do. Many, many happy years are before us, if the Lord will, and when we leave the great dear thing to those who come after us we shall be near one another, I am sure, in the better life."

Upon an intellectual foundation somewhat akin to the spiritual bed-rock of Trinity, rests the Boston Public Library, an embodiment of Puritanism *de luxe*. Here is a noteworthy sentiment from the report of the committee, which, in 1847, was appointed to determine the expediency of establishing a municipal library in Boston:

"It will provide for those who are desirous of reading a better class of books than the ephemeral literature of the day."

The nucleus of the collection was a gift of fifty volumes sent in 1841 by the city of Paris, and presented by the hand of Nicholas Marie Alexandre Vattemare, a Frenchman, who devoted many years

The Boston Public Library, Copley Square; beyond, the Old South Church.

to exploiting the idea of an international literary exchange. Vattemare possessed three splendid qualities—breadth of vision, cleverness and persistence. If he was not the father of the Boston Public Library he was, let us say, the "attending physician," and a very skilful one.

The first cash endowment for the Library was one thousand dollars from Mayor Bigelow, in 1850, who segregated it from a "testimonial" raised for his benefit by a grateful citizenry, in appreciation of heroic work during the cholera epidemic.

Edward Everett, in offering his collection of one thousand volumes of public documents, said in a letter to Mayor Bigelow, urging a building to shelter the library:

"Such an establishment would be an object of public favor from the outset. The people would regard it as their own creation and take a pride in its increase. Authors and publishers would feel it an honor to place their works on its shelves..... A building....aiming at nothing but convenience and neatness.....ought not to be a show place for strangers nor a lounge for idlers; but a quiet retreat for persons who desire earnestly to improve their minds."

Do you think it occurred to Mr. Everett that anyone would ever smile at that?

Joshua Bates of London, an American by birth, gave fifty thousand dollars in 1853 to buy books.

One of the Flanking Towers of Trinity, Copley Square; the Gargoyles.

Other gifts followed, and the trustees opened the first public reading room in Mason street, in October, 1853. In five and a half months, of 35,389 volumes borrowed for home use, only one was damaged and one lost, in each of which cases the borrower cheerfully made reparation.

In 1855 the City started the Boylston street library building, which was completed by January 1, 1858, and which, at the end of twenty years, proved inadequate for its purpose.

The determination of a location and the acquisition of the land for a new building covered a period of years, but in 1887 the preparation of plans was begun by McKim, Mead & White, and the building was ready for occupancy in 1895.

Looking at the library one might fail to see the hallmarks of Puritanism. Its exterior outlines are softened by much gracious and appropriate ornamentation. The great windows above relieve the facade of bleakness, if those in the lower row are a little uncompromising. Much may be said in praise of the sculptural decorations above the triple-arched entrance, in spite of early criticism by certain good people of Boston—and that was indeed Puritanism. Yet, you will admit that a little stone boy may be a good Puritan, even wanting his pinafore.

Nor shall a lithe brown Bacchante flaunt her bronze allurements in that sacred inner court; we may thank the shade of John Winthrop for that!

The Westland Avenue Entrance of the Fenway; beyond, the Dome of the First Church of Christ, Scientist.

Symphony Hall, Huntington Avenue; Horticultural Hall; beyond, the Dome of the First Church of Christ, Scientist.

II.

AVENUES OF THE NEW CITY.

IN many towns, the avenues run at right angles with the streets, or in some way differentiate from them by direction or arrangement. This is not so in Boston, where any street may be an avenue, or any avenue a street, according to the whim of its sponsors. Thus, character in avenues, as well as in streets, is individual, rather than collective. Observe Harrison avenue, where odd Oriental foods are served to be eaten with chop-sticks, and the "yellow peril" is more gastronomic than economic; Huntington avenue, from Trinity Crossing, Copley square, to Brookline, with more than its share of show-places; Commonwealth avenue and its uncommonly wealthy residents; and Massachusetts avenue, in apparent contravention of the rules of the game, crossing the others at right angles in its journey through Dorchester, Roxbury and the Back Bay, and bridging the Basin to Cambridge, whence, after nosing about Harvard College, it disappears among the

distant hills of Arlington—a well educated, broad-minded and cosmopolitan highway, though devious.

Then regard Beacon, Marlboro, Newbury and Boylston streets, all seemly and well-conducted routes, which, if the term "avenue" connoted any distinction, should bear that euphonious title. In the intended meaning of the chapter head, these fall naturally under the classification of avenues.

If you were a sight-seer, Huntington avenue would keep you busy for a day or a month, according to the thoroughness of your purpose and persistence, by reason of the numerous notable institutions along the greater part of its length. Yet its name dates back only to 1864, five years before the great Peace Jubilee and Musical Festival, the vast Coliseum of which overlooked the avenue at its cityward end, at Copley square.

The Peace Jubilee, celebrating a reunited, if not reconstructed country and the prevalence of national peace, was conceived by the late P. S. Gilmore, the famous band master. The Coliseum, a temporary structure of wood, stood where later the old Art Museum was built, and where today stands the Copley-Plaza hotel. Photographs show that the immense building, three hundred feet wide by five hundred feet long, overlooked a network of newly graded streets and unfilled building lots. It sheltered fifty thousand persons. Ten thousand sang in the trained festival chorus, and a thousand

THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MEDICINE, LONGWOOD AVENUE.

musicians composed the orchestra and bands. President Grant was the most distinguished of the guests, and Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote a hymn of peace for the occasion.

The musical program was made up largely of standard, classical works, and, according to the newspaper reports, was very beautifully rendered. Try to imagine ten thousand persons singing "The Anvil Chorus," "The Star Spangled Banner" and "America," each with "Organ, Orchestra, Military Band, Drum Corps, Bell and Cannon Accompaniment."

Along Huntington avenue lies the "Quartier Latin" of Boston, a sort of expurgated Montmartre, a very real and red-blooded world of student life. Here lodge the boys and girls of the schools and studios. The Institute of Technology, Boston University, the medical departments of Harvard and Tufts, the Conservatory of Music and lesser institutions where one may study to become an artist, an orator, an actor, or a virtuoso, contribute a floating population and an agreeable atmosphere of youth and ambition.

One might speak, accurately enough, of a "University of Huntington avenue," with its narrow, asphalt campus. It owns no blanketing traditions, but a sunny, hopeful Bohemianism, perfectly compatible with baths, barber shops and mannerly behavior. With the advantages of the great Library,

The Boston Opera House, Huntington Avenue.

the Art Museum, the Symphony, the Opera and countless freely opened doors to recitals and lectures, this "University" makes the educating process an agreeable pastime instead of a period of drudgery. It is characteristic of Boston that unenrolled thousands, of all ages and classes, profit by its tuition with delight, not only on weekdays but on Sundays as well. From the corner of Tremont street, along Boylston street and out Huntington avenue nearly to Brookline Village, one finds almost every second portal ready to swing inward to the explorer for truth, and though you seek theology or theosophy, medicine or melody, religion or relaxation, you will decipher "welcome," woven under foot or shining overhead, and someone inside who knows more about the subject than you do. For further particulars, consult the Evening Transcript's "Going on Tonight" tabulation.

And now consider the Symphony, an orchestra of master soloists, housed in a great building whose simple dignity and reserve within and without render democratic the richness of its design; consider the Symphony, incomparable galaxy, playing like condescending angels, at the annual spring "Pops," and alternating Wagner and Cohan, so that no taste may go away unappeased. Through a thin blue fog of tobacco you see the distinguished conductor bow to a storm of applause, while waiters scurry among the tables, and women of gentle breeding peer

The New England Conservatory of Music, Huntington Avenue; enrolls Three Thousand Pupils Annually. "The Nursery of Opera"; among its Graduates are Mesdames Nordica, Homer, Amsden, and many other American Artists of Note.

down at the throng from the high balconies.

For the regular Symphony concerts, season tickets for preferred sittings fetch great prices at auction, but the same concerts are available for those of moderate means who crave music of the classic sort. The orchestra is composed of one hundred salaried performers, recruited from all over the world; it is in fact, the largest permanent organization of its kind. The season of 1913-1914 will be the thirty-second of its history.

Old Jed Prouty, of tender memory, used to recall the day when Little Eva couldn't die in Bucksport because the opry house was full o' hay. Similarly, the heroes and heroines of grand opera were obliged, up to the year 1909, to limit their activities, moribund or otherwise, to an occasional period of three weeks in Boston and to the inadequate accommodations of an ordinary theatre, or to surmount, as best they might, the acoustic difficulties of Mechanics Hall. But with the building of the new Opera House on Huntington avenue, came the organization of the Boston Opera Company and the inauguration of an annual season of opera by artists of recognized talent, in Italian, French and German. Public spirit has made opera in Boston possible, but music lovers have especially to thank Mr. Eben D. Jordan, whose generosity, like that of Colonel Henry L. Higginson touching the Symphony, has smoothed the rough

Fenway Court, the Isabella Stuart Gardner Museum of Art.

places and rendered financial profit a negligible consideration.

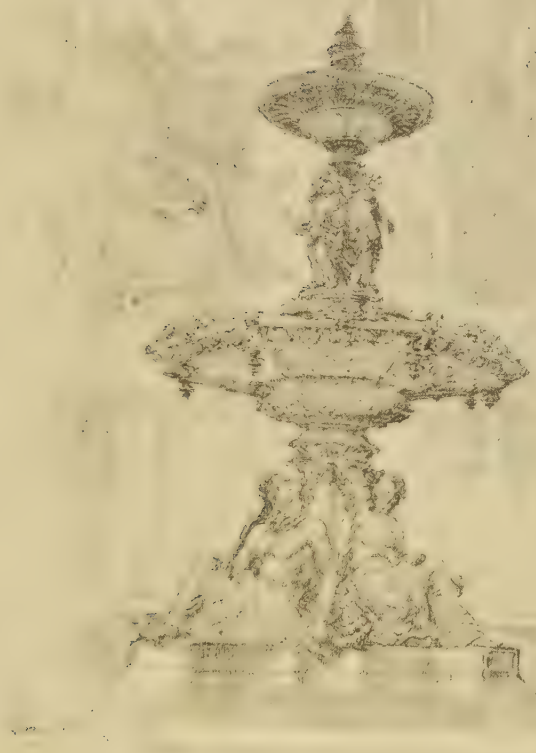
And so the march across the dreary flats of the Back Bay has been and will continue to be an advance of the Boston spirit, typified in brick and stone and asphalt. The softening touch of time is already in some evidence, particularly when you contemplate the churches. The venerable society of the South Church, formed in 1669, after worshipping for over a century in the beloved Old South Meeting House at Milk and Washington streets, and forced by the normal increase of its years, built its present home on Boylston street in 1875. Something of the dignity of its age seems to have been imparted to the

graceful lines and soft, vine clad arches of the newer structure. It is in this visible and tangible quality of the Boston spirit, made manifest in the monuments destined to speak for us to the generations of the future, that our individuality is to be preserved.

Let them say of us that we builded, if not better than we knew, at least as well, and surely with loving regard for the Boston of other days, both past and yet to dawn.

King's Chapel Burying Ground, looking toward Tremont Street; Resting Place of John Winthrop, First Governor of Massachusetts Bay Company, and many of the Early Bostonians; the First Burial Place in Boston.

The Brewer Fountain on Boston Common, Beacon Hill Slope.



Top of Beacon Street near the Site of the Hancock House, where lived Governor John Hancock and his Wife, Dorothy Quincy.

III.

BEACON HILL

GOVERNOR Winthrop and the Puritan founders of Boston spent their first Massachusetts summer, 1630, in Charlestown, where the climate and the drinking water combined to cause serious illness and, in many cases, death. In the hot afternoons they used to gaze longingly across the Charles river at the three-peaked top of Shawmut promontory, where the Reverend William Blackstone made his home. He had cool drinking water from numerous springs that flowed mysteriously out of the hillsides; and there was usually a pleasant breeze to temper the summer heat. It occurred to Blackstone that the broad slopes of Shawmut offered promising opportunities for development, so he suggested something of the sort to Winthrop. Accordingly, in early autumn, the governor and his flock moved over. Winthrop eventually located at the point today occupied by the Old South building. They say Mistress Winthrop went daily

with her bucket to a spring a little farther east where now you find "Spring Lane," a thoroughfare that has maintained its ancient identity to this day, while the fount itself is said to flow seaward, through a subterranean channel.

In 1633 the Town of Boston set aside for William Blackstone fifty acres of farm and woodland. Blackstone's home was in the vicinity of the present Louisburg square. Where today the dignified old streets on the western slope of Beacon Hill drop sedately down towards Charles River Basin, he raised apples and roses. Blackstone has been called the "First Inhabitant" of Boston, and some have referred to him as the "Hermit of Shawmut." Oxford bred, and in the neighborhood of thirty-five years old, one wonders how this shy young clergyman found courage to leave home and take up a solitary life in the wilderness, and why. He must have been a sort of Puritan Robinson Crusoe.

The Winthrop party found him "monarch of all he surveyed," a frockless pastor, preaching tender sermons of friendliness to the wild creatures and living the simple life alone among his orchards and rosebushes. When the newer settlers had built their houses and established town government and a market, Blackstone used to ride over from home on a steer, broken to saddle, to chat with the townsfolk, and to do a little shopping. No doubt a pleasant spoken young bachelor found it easy to get a few

Louisburg Square; Blackstone's Spring once flowed here; at Number Ten lived Louisa M. Alcott; at Number Four, William Dean Howells; Jenny Lind was married, in 1852, at Number Twenty.

stockings mended or a button sewed on. He was certainly entitled to some consideration, since he had been unquestioned proprietor of the seven hundred acres of dry land on Shawmut promontory.

Some vision of the future growth of urban Boston prompted the town fathers to look twice at the acreage allotted to Blackstone, for within a year they bought all but six acres back from him for one hundred and fifty dollars, and reserved it as a "common" for pasturage, and a "training ground." In 1640 the town decided that no portion of it should ever be granted to an individual for homestead or garden.

On or near the Blackstone property on West Hill, later lived Copley, the painter, John Phillips, first Mayor of Boston, John Lothrop Motley, the historian, the Reverend Doctor Channing, and the patriots Otis and Prescott. Much of West Hill—or Copley's Hill—one of the original three knolls that gave the height its name, Tri-mount (Tremont) was dug away to help extend the dry land at the edge of Back Bay and make possible the building of Charles street.

On the eastern slope of another of the three peaks dwelt the Reverend John Cotton, and with him, for a time, Sir Henry Vane, "boy governor" of the Massachusetts Bay Company at twenty-four. Sir Henry presently went back to England, where, in time, he died violently from too much mixing of

PARK STREET; AT THE EXTREME LEFT, TICKNOR HOUSE, 1804. LODGINGS OF LAFAYETTE IN 1824. ONCE THE HOME OF GEORGE TICKNOR, THE HISTORIAN. BEYOND, THE SPIRE OF PARK STREET CHURCH.

religion and politics. Cotton Hill, later called Pemberton Hill, was, like the other two peaks, dug away in time.

Park street, as we know it, came in 1640 by the name of "Centry" or "Sentry street," and led up to the third, or "Sentry Hill," which stood some six or seven score feet above harbor level. About this time the powers back home talked of lifting the Massachusetts Bay Company's charter, but when demand was made for it, shrewd John Winthrop fashioned sundry excuses, to wit, he had lost the key to his desk, or had mislaid the document, or some such sufficient cause of delay; and meanwhile, against the day when the King should send an armed agent to require the charter, the colonists set up a "beacon" on the height—a sort of mast,—with a great suspended kettle near the top, and rungs to climb it withal. Guards watched the ocean for the mastheads of unfriendly ships, and planned to kindle a fire, not under, but in the kettle, to warn the countryside. But so long as the beacon stood—certainly until 1789—no alarm fire is recorded.

Charles Bullfinch, architect of our present State House, designed a monument to replace the old beacon, and this was set up in 1790, and stood until 1811, when "somebody moved the hill." It ought not to have been done, but gravel was at a premium. On July 4, 1795, the corner stone of the new State House was laid with Masonic ceremonies

Derne Street Terraces of the State House, Beacon Hill. Top of the Beacon Memorial, set up to commemorate the Old Beacon or "Centry."

and when the monument came down its memorial tablets were filed away in the State House basement. Later, public spirit reincarnated the monument and set the tablets in its base. It stands today on a spot, which, in everything but altitude, corresponds with the location of its original.

House-lot prices languished in those early years on "Tri-mount." One would hardly care to build on a lot while one's next neighbor industriously dug and hauled away his land to help fill up a Mill Pond or a Great Cove, until one's home stood on the verge of a gravelly precipice. Beacon (Sentry) Hill so long as it stood constituted a commanding lookout. Here came the people in crowds to watch Lord Percy's honey-combed battalions trail back over the distant roads into Charlestown, after "A Day in Concord and Lexington," April 19, 1775. Here a few weeks later, June 17, the same throng stood with strained and anxious eyes to note the powder-and-bayonet argument on Breed's Hill and the burning of Charlestown. In those days, too, the early "seeing-America-first" enthusiasts admired Massachusetts Bay from the foot of the beacon, and compared it with the well-known bay of Naples, to the great disadvantage of the latter.

John Hancock, supposed by many young persons to be the inventor of the autograph for use in the manufacture of Important Documents, lived magnificently on Beacon Hill in a house built by his

Rear of the Athenaeum, overlooking Old Granary Burying Ground. Built as a Gallery and Library. Contains many Rare Books and Collections, including a Large Part of George Washington's Private Library. A Famous Literary Centre.

uncle, Thomas Hancock, in 1737, one of the earliest, if not the first, of the more pretentious edifices in the vicinity.

It was the executive mansion from 1780 until 1793, excepting two years, for John Hancock became first constitutional governor of Massachusetts. Efforts to preserve the old house were unavailing, and it was demolished, to be replaced by modern dwellings, after having stood considerably over a century.

In the face of the development of the Back Bay as a select residential section, most of which has taken place in the last fifty years, Beacon Hill today retains its fine distinction, both of aspect and atmosphere. There is always a certain scorn among hill people for dwellers upon low ground. Heed the words of the father of Phillips Brooks, who, himself but recently come thither, wrote in 1868, in a letter to his distinguished son:

"It is an old house and there is a good deal to do to it. It is one you will feel just as much at home in as at High street or Chauncy street. Nothing 'stuck-up' about it; like all our other houses, 'neat but not gaudy; not like the houses on the Back Bay, where the people go out in the morning to find the door-steps have sunk out of sight; but it is on the solid hardpan of Beacon Hill, original soil; street named from the old John Hancock."

Rear of King's Chapel, School Street, built in 1754, the Official Church of the Royal Governors in Provincial Days. The First King's Chapel, on this Site, was the First Episcopal Church in New England; now Unitarian.

Facade of the General Post Office; Angell Memorial Fountain, erected in Honor of the Founder of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

IV.

THE OLD CITY.

SEVERAL of Governor Winthrop's followers were residents of the old town of Boston, England, and John Cotton, minister of the First Church of Christ, in New England, had been vicar of St. Botolph's church at home. The new settlement on Shawmut promontory was named "Boston" by official decision on September 7, 1630. There was comfort in that, a sort of anchoring finality, whereby the colonists could assure themselves that, at last, they had gotten somewhere.

Winthrop had his first Boston home set up by the path to the waterside from which grew King (now State) street, but subsequently occupied a dwelling on a lot at the present corner of Washington and Milk streets. Beside it was reared the Old South Meeting House. The "Great Spring" boiled from the ground a few steps to the east. All the dwellings were primitively rough. The governor rebuked one of his neighbors who, for the sake of

warmth, lined his living-room with a sheathing of plank, in the form of a wainscot. It savored of waste, and sinful pride. The roofs were thatched, very likely with the tough, rank grass or rushes from the salt marshes, and the chimneys were of logs, laid crosswise, and chinked with clay. Later a saw-mill was built on Mill Creek, which connected the Mill Pond with Town Cove, and, as were the grist mills, was actuated by the current of the tide-water. The promontory was not heavily timbered, so most of the lumber must have been floated over from the mainland.

The first volume of town records, so far as we know, was started in September, 1634, in a hand said to be Winthrop's. These records were destroyed or so badly mutilated that no authentic vital statistics of that early period are available. At the end of seventy years the population of Boston did not exceed seven thousand souls. There were disastrous fires, the first in 1654, which wiped out whole groups of dwellings. That of 1678 destroyed eighty houses, and other property, to the value of £200,000. Afterwards, more heed was given the possibility of fires, but brick and stone construction did not become general for many years.

The development of the town followed a line north and south, represented, approximately, by the present Washington street. Naturally, too, the settlement clung close to the harbor lip, for in so

Washington Street, looking South. On the Left, the Old South Meeting House, Corner of Milk Street, built 1729. At Extreme Left is the Site of Governor John Winthrop's House.

The Old City from Pemberton Square. Brattle Street, Cornhill and Court Street; at Distant Left, Faneuil Hall; at the Right, the Old State House. Beyond, the Harbor, and East Boston.

islanded a location the citizens must depend largely upon maritime traffic for the necessaries as well as for the amenities of life. Communication with Roxbury and the South Shore lay over Boston Neck, a tenuous filament of *terra firma*, with the stress on the terror, presumably, since persons are known to have perished in trying to follow its treacherous length. Near what is now Dover street, the townsmen set up a rough fortification in view of possible Indian attack. No such assault ever occurred. From this point northward to the present corner of Boylston street the "Highway to Roxbury," now Washington street, was named Orange street; thence to the head of Summer, it was called Newbery; the section from Summer to School was Marlborough; and Corn Hill took up the burden at that point and carried it to the foot of the Cornhill of today, which was then Market street, so-called because it led to the market district about the Town Dock.

From a ten-story building in Pemberton square, as high as the old Pemberton Hill the location of which it marks, you can look off across a considerable portion of the old city. Pocketed by towering office buildings you see the little Town House, since called the Old State House, holding the head of King (now State) street. There was the market stead, to be replaced by the first Town House, 1657, built by private subscription supplementing a legacy of Captain Robert Keayne, who lived on the corner

of King street and Old Corn Hill, just south of it. Captain Keayne commanded the Honorable Artillery Company, today Ancient as well as Honorable, the earliest of our citizen-soldiery. In front of the old Town House you may drink at the city's expense from an automatic fountain; but do not seek a relationship between it and the Town Pump that stood near this point in Colonial times. Fire destroyed the first Town House, which was of wood; and the second, a brick building on the same site, was erected in 1713, to be burned in 1747, with many of its priceless records. The town rebuilt it on the ruins of the old structure, a substantial part of the walls of which had remained in place. Here, at different times, both town and state governments held meetings. The city government used Faneuil Hall for many years, and from 1830 to 1840 met in the Old State House.

A portion of the North End appears in the view from the top of the *Boston Globe* building, looking north along Washington street. Again you have a glimpse of the Old State House. Where, at the extreme left, you see the Sears building, John Coggan had a shop, the first in Boston. In those days, if a shopkeeper inclined to elevate the cost of living, his clientele found legal curbs to check his avarice; and our friend Keayne, who was a tailor, "fell under the censure of court and church for selling his wares at exorbitant profits."

Washington Street (Old Corn Hill) looking North. Towers of St. Mary's. Beyond, the North End; Bunker Hill Monument.

Bosworth Street Steps into Province Street, at the Rear of the Site of Province House.

Court street was "Prison Lane," and the old prison gloomed where the tall new office-building of the municipality has lately risen. In this vicinity, in 1719, William Brooker, the postmaster, published the *Boston Gazette* and employed James Franklin to print it. Afterward, James harked to the buzz of the publishing bee and started the *New England Courant.* The buzzing annoyed the authorities, and James was enjoined from publishing his paper, so he beat the devil about the stump by permitting young Benjamin, his brother, to attach his name as publisher. This was the third newspaper in Boston, 1721.

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of King street and Old Corn Hill, just south of it. Captain Keayne commanded the Honorable Artillery Company, today Ancient as well as Honorable, the earliest of our citizen-soldiery. In front of the old Town House you may drink at the city's expense from an automatic fountain; but do not seek a relationship between it and the Town Pump that stood near this point in Colonial times. Fire destroyed the first Town House, which was of wood; and the second, a brick building on the same site, was erected in 1713, to be burned in 1747, with many of its priceless records. The town rebuilt it on the ruins of the old structure, a substantial part of the walls of which had remained in place. Here, at different times, both town and state governments held meetings. The city government used Faneuil Hall for many years, and from 1830 to 1840 met in the Old State House.

A portion of the North End appears in the view from the top of the *Boston Globe* building, looking north along Washington street. Again you have a glimpse of the Old State House. Where, at the extreme left, you see the Sears building, John Coggan had a shop, the first in Boston. In those days, if a shopkeeper inclined to elevate the cost of living, his clientele found legal curbs to check his avarice; and our friend Keayne, who was a tailor, "fell under the censure of court and church for selling his wares at exorbitant profits."

Washington Street (Old Corn Hill) looking North. Towers of St. Mary's. Beyond, the North End; Bunker Hill Monument.

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Boylston street, where the selectmen, deep mired one day, heard the satirical voice of witty Mather Byles, calling from his open door,

"Well, gentlemen, I'm glad to see you stirring in that matter at last."

What, indeed? Let us hasten on, or ourselves be mired in a welter of historic incident.

East End of the Old State House, 1713; now the Home of the Bostonian Society, organized in 1881 to promote the Study of the History of Boston and the Preservation of its Antiquities.

Causeway Street; Ancient Location of the Mill Pond. Beyond, the North Station.

WATERFRONT AND HARBOR

Fort Independence, formerly the Castle, on Castle Island, South Boston; a Revolutionary Defence. Occupied by the British during the Siege. After the Evacuation, garrisoned by an Artillery Force under Paul Revere.

V.

WATERFRONT AND HARBOR

IN his *Wonder-working Providence in New England*, Edward Johnson gives some idea of Boston in the first decade of its history. He mentions the two fortified eminences at the north and south, Copp's and Fort Hills, with the "Great Cove" between; the beacon on the third hill, by which he doubtless means Beacon Hill, without reference to its three-pinnacled summit; the substantial character of the wharves, which the early Bostonians were shrewd enough to build in the interests of ocean commerce; and finally, "the buildings, large and beautiful, some fairly set forth with brick, tile, stone and slate, and orderly placed with seemly streets, whose continual enlargement presageth *some sumptuous city*."

We could forgive the slang, but how about the brick, tile, stone and slate? Other chroniclers fail to mention them, and even as late as 1803 the infrequency of brick buildings was noted by contemporary writers.

The southern fortification mentioned by Johnson was the so-called Southern Battery, on the seaward side of Fort Hill. This location corresponded to that of the present Rowe's wharf, where you take the boat to the beach. Fort Hill square is now as flat as your hand, but in the old days Fort Hill was a fair round knoll, crowned with a pleasant park and fine trees. In the eighteenth century the streets running up its sides were bordered with the homes of well-to-do citizens. In that section of town dwelt, also, many artisans employed in ropewalks and shipyards. That they were a husky crew is shown by the fact that only two days before the Boston Massacre occurred a riotous encounter between the "mechanics" and the British soldiers quartered thereabout, in which the townsmen scored a boisterous, if not very sanguinary victory.

At Griffin's wharf, nearby, the three teaships lay on December 16, 1773. Here came about a score of spurious Indians, followed by a willing crowd of excited men and boys, after an indignation meeting in the Old South Meeting House. In short order they boarded the vessels, siezed the three hundred and forty-two chests of tea, and emptied them upon the mud and ooze of the harbor-bottom, exposed by the ebb tide. Some of the invading party clambered down the piling and tramped the tea into the mud, as it poured over from the decks. The returning tide completed the work.

The Lobster-Boat Fleet, Atlantic Avenue.

One of the party, Thomas Melvill, found tea in his shoes when he went home. This, sealed in a bottle, was kept as a memento of the affair, and is in the collection of the Bostonian Society today. No one was permitted knowingly to carry tea away, and if any tried to do so, he was promptly set upon. One such lost his coat-tails, in the pockets of which he had hidden a few handfuls of the herb. Next day the coat-tails were nailed upon the whipping post near their owner's house in Charlestown, with an appropriate placard.

Paul Revere, as you might readily suppose, was "among those present" at the Tea Party, and shortly afterwards set out on horseback for New York, with news of the occurrence, where it occasioned great enthusiasm. This was only one of his numerous official journeys in that direction. Seemingly, if a message needed carrying, someone always cried, "Where's Paul?"

Another name for the Southern Battery was the "Sconce," and from it Sconce lane led up to the fort on the hillside. This fort was begun in 1632, but the Sconce was the more strongly built and equipped. In fact, in 1743, when the Sconce mounted thirty-five guns, the fort seems to have disappeared. The British occupied this fortification with a garrison of four hundred men, and at the Evacuation left it in badly damaged condition, but the American forces repaired it.

The Fishing Fleet, and the Wholesale Produce District, looking past Atlantic Avenue from the Water Front.

The harbor line extended irregularly from Fort Hill toward the present junction of Kilby and State streets, and it would be well to remember the hollow conformation of the shore in the early days. Sconce lane was afterwards called Hamilton street, and the way along the beach the "Batterymarch," a name that has come down to us, and which enables us to determine the former beach line with a degree of accuracy.

The indentation of the harbor known as Great Cove or Town Cove was divided about equally by Long wharf, a solid structure continuing the line of King (State) street. From its landward end near the present corner of Kilby street, it ran out two thousand feet. It was built in 1709-10, and supported rows of stores and warehouses. With the reclamation of the Cove, Long wharf sacrificed most of its length to State street.

The present shore line from Battery street to Rowe's wharf, as defined by Atlantic avenue, corresponds to the old Barricado, a stout defence of logs or piles which effectually enclosed the inner harbor. At the point where the Barricado cut Long wharf at right angles, and on the northern side of the latter, was Minott's T, a projection or offshoot of Long wharf, and joined to the Barricado as well. Its shape gave it the name, which has no reference to the Tea Party. By extension and alteration, T wharf became an independent jetty, having no connection

Dewey Square, from the South Station.

with Long wharf.

When you detrain today at the South station, you issue upon a big, crowded plaza, named recently, as its title indicates, Dewey square. Turn and look back and up at the towering facade, surmounted by an enormous clock, usually set two comfortable minutes faster than standard time, a white and justifiable falsehood.

Twenty years ago there was no South terminal, but incoming travelers were set down at one or another of several scattered structures. Today all trains entering the city on the south side utilize the South station. Until within two or three years it was the largest railroad station on earth. Yet it is even now scarcely adequate for the traffic passing through it.

Our drawing of Dewey square was made from the main entrance of the terminal, and shows a teeming, sometimes congested, center of traffic. The elevated, of more recent erection than the station itself, sweeps past in a long curve, and apprehensive thousands "duck" timidly when the trains grind roaring and shrieking overhead. Several busy streets radiate from Dewey square. At morning and evening it is traversed by hurrying crowds, and a few souls forget the two minutes' grace of the big clock and run for trains with un-Bostonian abandon.

The location of the South station was formerly marsh and Atlantic avenue as far as Rowe's wharf

was built upon low or marshy ground. It is paralleled by the Fort Point channel, which connects the harbor with the South bay, an inner basin now lined with wharves, coal-pockets and lumber docks.

Along the "old Barricado," now Atlantic avenue, from Rowe's wharf to Battery wharf, a great number of docks and quays jut out, with an irregular suggestion of comb teeth. Long and T wharves are of the number given over to the fishing industry. Massachusetts surely feeds the nation on Fridays, for the fisher-folk of Boston, Gloucester, Provincetown and lesser ports winnow the deep the year around. Sometimes, after a storm at sea, the vessels, big and little, that dock along Atlantic avenue come in with every spar and strand thickly coated with ice. But nothing daunts the "Captains Courageous" of the New England fishing fleets.

From the elevated train you will see the fruit company's "banana boats," in from Jamaica, discharging cargoes for trans-shipment to points inland. The bananas come to port green, but before you buy them for your own use they will have been ripened in dark, warm cellars. Finishing on the tree improves an orange, but bananas are better if captured in a green, undomesticated state. Occasionally the banana boat brings a stowaway, a big, fighting tarantula, with a hairy body as large as a half-dollar, and a dangerous bite.

It is said that the battle of Fort Hill, between the

The Docks at Charlestown; Bunker Hill Monument.

soldiers and the townsmen, was precipitated by the term "lobster," applied to a red-coat, by one of the mechanics. Since that day the lobster has become a creature of fashion, contributing largely to the high cost of livers, but his name finds no greater favor as an epithet than when used for the patriotic purpose of starting a pre-Revolutionary rumpus. The lobster fleet, consisting of many small craft, mostly power driven, should interest the gourmet who likes to know the origin of his delicacies; to the gourmand, we recommend the satisfying qualities of Boston baked beans and the New England boiled dinner.

Across the harbor, bulk the huge masses of elevator and dock in Charlestown and East Boston. Most of the tonnage lying at the wharves of Atlantic avenue is coast-wise. But, barring one German line, the passenger boats and freighters of the foreign-faring trade tie up at the farther shore. East Boston is on Noddle Island, a part of the city proper, where great manufactures thrive. From it we get electric lamps, ships, machinery and immigrants.

Back of the Charlestown docks rises Bunker Hill. The immediate vicinity of Bunker Hill is richer in historic association than in pictorial value, which explains why it is artistically wise to show the thin shaft of the Monument aspiring slenderly in the afternoon sun, its tall shape emphasized by contrast with the gray of the docks and ships.

Just beyond Battery street, at Copp's Hill, the

settlers established the North Battery, which Edward Johnson described as "a very strong battery built of whole timber and filled with earth." It is first mentioned in the records of 1644. Battery wharf perpetuates its name. Major Pitcairn, of the First Battalion of Marines, was one of the British officers who embarked from the North Battery on the day of Bunker Hill, a day upon which he displayed a fatal gallantry. He, you will remember, was reported to have stirred his grog with his finger at Wright's Tavern, Concord, on April 19, stating as he did so, that the damned Yankees' blood would be similarly "stirred" before night. Viewing the bravery of his death, we may charitably overlook that boast.

Soon after the settlement of Boston, the colonists began to build ships. Oddly enough, the first of these was launched on July 4, in the year 1631, at Medford, a short distance up the Mystic river. The shipyards of Boston were established along the North End waterfront, and the shipwrights formed a group, powerful in politics, whose opinion was always seriously considered. Our term "caucus," applied to a political meeting, is said to have sprung from the gatherings of "calkers" in the famous old public houses of the North End.

Of the hundreds of vessels built in the palmy days of marine construction in Boston, the most notable was the frigate Constitution, "Old Ironsides," the pride of the American navy. Her keel

Battery Street Station; near the Site of the North Battery, and of Hartt's Shipyard.

was laid in Hartt's shipyard, the site of the present Constitution wharf. No modern dreadnaught ever aroused a fraction of the enthusiasm occasioned by her planning and building. On the day set for her launching, September 20, 1797, thousands of people crowded the neighboring shores and wharves; but when the signal was given, she failed to take the water. A second attempt, on the 22nd, proved unsuccessful; but on Saturday, October 21, she slid down the ways, observed by only a few people, since many had declared her "ill-fated," and perhaps thought she would never be floated. Her subsequent career in the service, and long life, not yet at an end, have shown the emptiness of that superstitious fear.

If the Constitution typified one aspect of the Boston spirit, let us consider a modern example of a different sort. On any summer day you may see, either at anchor in the roadstead, or nosing unobtrusively among the shipping, an odd-looking, many-windowed craft of the house-boat order, cargoed with sick babies and tired mothers. Her daily trips, made possible by the generosity of hundreds of men, women and children, sometimes expressed in pennies, often in an individual contribution sufficient for the expense of an entire day, register the throbbing of a great heart full of tenderness and pity for the helpless. This is the Boston Floating Hospital.

"Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war."

The Washington Elm, Garden Street, Cambridge.

Entrance to Old Granary Burying Ground, Tremont Street; here lies John Hancock, Harvard College 1754; the Victims of the Boston Massacre are buried here; also several Signers of the Declaration of Independence, Peter Faneuil, Paul Revere, and other Personages of Historic Prominence.

VI.

CAMBRIDGE AND HARVARD COLLEGE

BY reason of common ancestry and interest, a close kinship unites Cambridge and Boston. Blood is thicker than water, even though the water constitute a physical barrier between them. Cambridge shares, and, if possible, intensifies the Boston spirit; yet it has its own unique and well defined individuality.

Some uncertainty seems to have persisted in the minds of the Puritan founders of Boston as to the permanency of their Shawmut location. The slopes of Trimount offered a very limited area for agricultural purposes; the settlers needed elbow room. Upon a seven-hundred-acre tongue of land almost completely engirdled by water, the problem of growth was serious. On the promontory, geographical contour simplified the matter of defence; so, in selecting a site for a town further inland, protection must be considered, along with the gained advantages of soil and space.

In December, 1630, the settlers decided to begin a new town at a spot nearly coincident with the present Harvard square, and "Newtowne" it was called for eight years. Here is a contemporary account of Newtowne, by William Wood, author of *New England's Prospect*, 1633:

"This place was first intended for a city, but, upon more serious considerations, it was thought not so fit, being too far from the sea, being the greatest inconvenience it hath. This is one of the neatest and best compacted towns in New England, having many fair structures, with many handsome contrived streets. The inhabitants, most of them, are very rich, and well stored with cattle of all sorts, having many hundred acres of land paled in with general fence, which is about a mile and a half long, which secures all their weaker cattle from the wild beasts."

Many of the Bostonians agreed to establish homes in the new fortified town, including Governor Winthrop, Thomas Dudley, the deputy governor, and the "assistants," who constituted the council, or legislative aids to the governor. Not all kept this promise. Dudley built his house near what is now Dunster street, two blocks from the Square. Winthrop, however, changed his mind, and though he actually built a house in Cambridge, he subsequently removed it to his lot on the corner of Milk street and old Corn Hill, in Boston. This frame dwelling

Elmwood, Mt. Auburn Street, Cambridge; Birthplace of James Russell Lowell.

was his second Boston residence. The first South Meeting House was built beside it, and afterward our own Old South, in 1729. When the British occupied the church, they pulled the ancient mansion to pieces and used it for fuel.

The "paling," a tall barrier of stout logs, extended from the Charles river to the creek that formed the north boundary of the town. It crossed the land now occupied by the College, on a line passing through or near the site of Gore Hall. No assault upon the paling is recorded, and as a defence against the Indians it need not have been built, since they were not of a menacing breed or disposition.

In his *Wonder-Working Providence*, Edward Johnson, whom we have had previous occasion to quote, wrote:

"When they had scarce houses to shelter themselves and no doores to hinder the Indians access to all they had in them.....yet had they none of their food or stuffe diminished, neither children nor wives hurt in any measure, although the Indians came commonly to them at those times, much hungry belly (as they used to say) and were then in number and strength beyond the English by far."

This friendliness on the part of the aborigines was due to the conciliatory attitude of the colonists toward them; consider this injunction, which the settlers made their rule in dealing with the Indians:

"If any of the salvages pretend right of inheri-

The Vassall House, Headquarters of Washington, 1775–1776; also called Craigie House and Longfellow House; in the Foreground, Longfellow Park.

tance to all or any part of the lands granted in our patent, wee pray you endeavor to purchase their tytle, that wee maye avoide the least scruple of intrusion."

In spite of the intention of its founders, Cambridge failed to become the metropolis of Massachusetts. The Boston people did not flock thither; a Boston man hates to leave home, and the feeling seems to have taken shape very early in the history of the city. Although the General Court convened in Cambridge for a period, the town was never more than a considered possibility as a permanent capital. But as time passed, Cambridge came to occupy a position of fine distinction among New England cities.

In October, 1636, the General Court appropriated £400 "towards a school or college, whereof £200 to be paid the next year and £200 when the work is finished, and the next Court to appoint where and what building." In 1639 it was "ordered that the College agreed upon formerly to be built at Cambridge shall be called Harvard College." This was the year in which Stephen Daye started a printery in Cambridge, on a borrowed capital of £51, the first printing establishment in New England.

John Harvard gave his library and half his estate to the college, and in his honor the institution was named. Nearby, Master Corlett conducted a public grammar and preparatory school for fifty years.

He is said to have "very well approved himself for his abilities, dexterity and painfulness in teaching and educating of the youth under him." Painless education is a modern invention, like other anesthetic procedure.

William Wood, 1654, said of Harvard: "The edifice is very faire and comely within and without, having in it a spacious hall.....a large library, *with some books in it.*" The Italics are ours.

Edward Johnson refers to the college enclosure as "the yard," and today one seldom hears of the Harvard "campus." In old Newtowne days, the portion of the present quadrangle adjacent to the market place (now Harvard square) was called the "cow-yard." Today it is still the "yard."

The first three Harvard buildings were old Harvard, old Stoughton, and Massachusetts. The last mentioned, 1720, is the oldest college building now standing. To rebuild Harvard and Stoughton, money was raised by lotteries, authorized by the General Court, and of one such lottery the college itself won the capital prize, $10,000. The last was in 1811.

In Revolutionary times old Cambridge was a center for loyalists, many of whom were forced to leave the country, and suffer confiscation of their homes. One of these, Lieutenant-Governor Thomas Oliver, dwelt at Elmwood, afterwards the home of the poet Lowell. He signed an enforced resignation in 1774. During the war the house was used as a

THE OLD GATE OF HARVARD COLLEGE; HARVARD HALL; BEYOND, THE TOWER OF MEMORIAL HALL; AT THE EXTREME LEFT, HOLDEN CHAPEL, 1744.

hospital. Later it was occupied by Elbridge Gerry, one of the "signers," who became governor, and afterwards vice-president. The poet's father acquired the property at the death of Mr. Gerry. The house was built previous to 1760, its name, Elmwood, dating back to the days of the elder Lowell.

On a night neither recent nor remote, a Cambridge citizen going belatedly home along Garden street, encountered the oval iron fence that surrounds the Washington Elm. He felt his way around the circuit several times, then, terror-stricken, shouted, "Help, help, I'm locked in!"

The old tree still survives the repeated rigors of our New England climate, and if the new forestry avail, may live indefinitely. But it has lost much of the spreading canopy under which Washington took command of the American army in 1775. It shares with the Craigie homestead the honor of having sheltered the great Commander. This was originally the estate of a rich Tory, Colonel John Vassall. General Washington took possession of the house in July, 1775, and chose for his personal use the southeast chamber, where afterward Henry Wadsworth Longfellow lived and worked. The poet himself guided many a visitor through the historic rooms, answering questions with gentle courtesy.

No American city has association with events of greater moment in our history than has Cam-

bridge. Six men of Cambridge fell in the battle of Lexington. It was for many months the headquarters of the Revolution, and its citizens have helped shape the destiny of the nation. And in that golden generation of American letters just passed, the Cambridge immortals shared gloriously in laying the deep foundations of our national literature.

"Amid these fragments of heroic days,
When thought met deed with mutual passion's leap,
There sits a fame whose silent trump makes cheap
What short-lived rumor of ourselves we raise.
They had far other estimate of praise
Who stamped the signet of their souls so deep
In art and action, and whose memories keep
Their height like stars above our misty ways."

James Russell Lowell.

The Head House, Marine Park, South Boston.

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